The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1836. VOL. IX--No. 612.

From the Boston Pearl.

THE FEAR OF THE BURIAL.

The worst pang of death is the burial.—*L. E. L.*

It is not that we shrink from death,
From nature's general doom—
It is our horror of the grave,
Our terror of the tomb,
Our dread of that dark dwelling-place,
That fills us with despair,
And wakes each nerve to agony,
Which all who breathe must bear.

'T is not the deep, dissolving pang
To struggling nature known;—
Endurance calmly meets the strife
Of agony alone:—
But 't is that deep and thrilling dread
The faltering and the firm
Alike have felt, which shrinks from dust,
Corruption and the worm.

'T is this that haunts our infant years,
Inherent with our breath,
The parent of a thousand fears—
'T is not the fear of death;
'T is this that makes the bitterness
Of many a parting hour,
And triumphs over better hopes
With deep and deadly power.

I 've bowed beside my infant's bed,
And watched his struggling breath,
And known that each convulsive gasp
Might terminate in death:
I 've seen around the livid lip
The ghastly whiteness steal,
And in that hour of anguish felt—
As mothers only feel.

Was it a selfish sorrow swayed
Resistless in my breast?
Did I forget that God was good,
And Heaven a home of rest?
I know not if I ever thought
There was a Heaven above,
Or that a God was reigning there,
And that that God was love.

But on that idol infant form
Which I no more should see,
I thought how soon the icy worm
A reveller would be;
And in a horror unrevealed,
An agony unknown,
I felt, alas! I could not yield
Corruption—what?—*her own.*

It is, alas! the dust we love,
The dust to which we cling,
The dust for which we sorrow when
The spirit plumes her wing;
And that from which the feeble shrink,
The firm affect to brave,
Is not the fear of death;—it is
The terror of the grave.

REBECCA.

MRS. HEMANS.

If any thing were wanting to convince mankind of the exaltation and power of the mind of woman, the productions of finely talented females, now breathing the fine strains of pure and elevated poetry, and now pouring forth the ennobling sentiments of philosophy, both in this country and Europe, would be sufficient. The towering genius of Madame de Stael, walking in cloudless majesty like the moon above the planets; the pure lustre of Mrs. Hemans shining with the pure radiance of the morning star; the soft scintillations of Miss Landon, like the first sweet ray of evening, are specimens of what woman is in the fatherland—while the rose-like beauty of Mrs. Sigourney; the evergreen foliage of Mrs. Hale; the summer savory fragrance of Mrs. Child; the lily loveliness of Hannah Gould, and the wild flower sweetness of Miss Sedgwick, are selections from the flowers of this western wilderness, and evidences of what the "daughters of Columbia" may become.

The true home of woman is in her own house; it is there that she shines with peculiar loveliness, there is the proper sphere of her usefulness, and there are the objects which have the strongest claims upon her regard. We wish never to see her climbing the rugged acclivities of public life, with Boadicea at the head of her army, or with Catherine upon the throne of state; nor would we have her, like Charlotte Corday or the Maid of Orleans, periling her reputation and life in popular insurrections and political feuds. Her abode is in the valley among the flowers of the garden and the sweets of domestic life—not on the hilltop, and surrounded by strife and debate and the clashing of armor. She can never, with consistency, appear in the forum of the pulpit, in the senate, or at the polls--still, without disparagement of her sexual character, or infringement upon those hallowed feelings, which the delicacy and loveliness of her nature have cast around her, she may devote her leisure to the pallet and the pen, and send forth the emanations of her soul to enlighten and to bless.

We take up the writings of no female, whose sentiments come to us with a holier freshness or a more classic purity than the poems of Mrs. Hemans. She is endeared to our recollections by some of the finest strains of sentimental poetry in the language; effusions which must ever continue to please, as long as fine feeling and correct taste shall be found. She has won to herself a name and a praise in the whole earth, wherever the waters of the mighty deep shall waft an English heart, there will the songs of 'England's Dead,' the 'Sound of the Sea,' and the 'Voice of Spring' be heard.

But her fame is not alone the property of her native land; it belongs equally to the woods of America, whose wilds will long continue to echo the lay of the Pilgrim Fathers;' a lyric which has seldom been surpassed, either in the adaptions of its ideas, or the spirit of its construction. The production of this piece, with the delicacy, dignity, and moral beauty of her whole poems, have secured her a place in every virtuous and patriotic heart, which can only be obliterated with its last throb. There is a loftiness of sentiment, and a pure tone of morality pervading all her productions, and their frequent perusal must inevitably tend to nerve the heart to deeds of nobility and virtue, and to soften it with feelings of sweetness and tenderness. Her genius is lyric, and her poetry that of sentiment.—There is a melancholy sweetness hovering over the scene which she pictures to her heart; a softened radiance like that of mellow moonlight falling upon groves and majestic ruins. All the better and richer feelings of the mind and of the imagination are brought into play; we are soothed, delighted, elevated, enraptured. The images of the beautiful pictures which she presents, dwell upon the mind; the words and tones of music, which her sweet harp has awakened, rest upon the ear; we continue to see and to hear, and to feel, till our senses are called away to the enjoyment of new beauties, and our hearts delighted with fresh images.

THE MASSACRE OF THE JANIZARIES.

The following is from a very interesting work now in press, by the author of "Ship and Shore," entitled "A Visit to Constantinople."

The present feeble and distracted condition of the Turkish Empire has not resulted, as many have been led to suppose, from the sudden destruction of the Janizaries. Had that body retained the patriotism and vigor which once animated and nerved them, their absence might truly be deplored by every honest Osmanlie. But they had ceased to possess these commendable attributes; they had become insolent and refractory—a terror to the throne, and to the hearth of the quiet citizen. Yet there was an unsparing precipitancy in their fate, that must awaken sentiments of commisseration. Nor can we help feeling a bewildering respect for the daring spirit that flashed thro' their despair.

They had long stood the firm refuge and defence of the Empire; they had impressed the terror of their arms upon the dynasties of Christendom; they had won a thousand victories, and as often dictated the conditions of peace; they had displaced viziers, disposed sultans, and set aside the pashas of the provinces at will; they had recently consigned Selim to a bloody shroud, and given the present monarch to understand, that he owed his inviolability to the simple fact of his being the last of the Othman line of an age sufficient to reign. Occupying this position, and sustained by these proud recollections, they were naturally intolerant of any innovations, that infringed upon their priviliges or diminished their consideration. Mahmoud saw clearly that he must raise the quick hand of ruin against them, while he had the power, or submit to become the passive instrument of their caprice. He preferred his own life and independence to their domineering sway; and planned their destruction with a true Machiavelen policy. He thinned their ranks by sending them, in small detachments, into the Morea—expeditions in which they were intentionally unsupported, and from which they never returned. To the remainder he addressed himself in a different form. To the avaricious, he proffered gold; to the ambitious, preferment; to the refractory, he gave the bowstring; till, by these well adapted devices, the commander-in chief, and a number of the master spirits of the order, were brought firmly into his interests. The fetva for the organization of a new and distinct army, now made its appearance; and produced the expected result. The Janizaries instantly rose against it, denouncing the spirit of its provisions, and demanding the heads of those who had counselled their sovereign to this disrespectful act; and threatening, in the event of its not being immediately rescinded, to force the gate of the seraglio.

But Mahmoud was prepared for this alarming issue. The forces which he had been secretly collecting in anticipation of this event, now surrrounded the Etmedian, in which the Janizaries were assembled.—An order for the death of the insurgents, under the sanction of the Ulema, was issued; the standard of the prophet unfurled from the dome of the imperial mosque, and all faithful Musslemen called upon to support its sacred cause against the violence of impiety and treason. The Janizaries soon saw that their condition was hopeless, their mistake irretrievable: yet they determined not to disgrace the memory of their fathers by any relenting tears, or unavailing supplications. They forced their way over many of their dead companions to their barracks, where they shut themselves up, sternly resolved to abide the terrible issue. From this retreat they could not be forced; and at evening orders were given to fire their last refuge. The burning pile sent up its fitful flashes through the long night; and the next sun dawned upon a mouldering mass of embers, bones, and blood! Those who had escaped the tumult and carnage of the Etmedian, were hunted down in every section, street, and alley of the city. They were betrayed, overwhelmed, cut to pieces; and their mangled bodies cast into the Bosphorus, till that mighty current became literally choaked with the dead.

Thus perished in a day one of the most formidable orders of men known to this, or any other age, they numbered at the time of their massacre (July, 1826) 30,000.—their achievements are interwoven with the highest splendour of the Ottoman name. Their watch fires were kindled from the mountains of Asia to the centre of Europe; and their war song seems still to echo from every torrent and steep. Their chivalric valor, their unshrinking hardihood, and contempt of death, will long disturb the sober pen of history, and furnish themes, around which the spirit of poetry will hover and catch the romance of its wildest flights.

THE WHITE INDIANS.

It is a fact, perhaps, not generally known, that there does exist in the far west, at least two small tribes or bands of white people. One of these bands is called *Mawkeys.* They reside in Mexico, on the south west side of the Rocky Mountains, and between three and five hundred miles from Santa Fe, towards California; and in a valley which makes a deep notch into the mountain surrounded by high and impassable ridges, and which can only be entered by a narrow pass from the south west.—They are represented by trappers and hunters of the west--known to the writer of this to be men of veracity--to be innocent, inoffensive people, living by agriculture, and raising great numbers of horses and mules, both of which are used by them for food. They cultivate maize, pumpkins and beans, in large quantities.

These people are frequently depredated upon by their more warlike red neighbors, to which they submit without resorting to deadly weapons to repel the aggressors.

Not far distant from the Mawkeys, and in the same range of country, is another band of the same description, called *Nabbe hoes.* A description of either of these tribes will answer for both. They have been described to the writer by two men in whose veracity the fullest confidence may be placed: and they say the men are of the common stature, with light blue eyes, and their skin is of the most delicious whiteness. One of my informants who saw seven of these people at Santa Fe in 1821, in describing the Mawkeys, says, "they are as much whiter than me as I am whiter than the darkest Indian in the Creek nation," and my informant was of as good a complexion as men generally are.

A trapper on one occasion, in a wandering excursion, arrived at a village of the Mawkees. He was armed with a rifle, a pair of belt pistols, knife and tomahawk; all of which were new to them and appeared to excite their wonder and surprise. After conversing some time by signs, he fired one of his pistols; instantly the whole group around him fell to the earth in the utmost consternation; they entreated him not to hurt them, and showed in various ways that they thought him a superior natural being. He saw vast numbers of horses and mules about the village.

Query. May not these people be a remnant of those who inhabited this country prior to the present race of Indians? the traces of whose fortifications and cultivated fields and gardens are still to be seen throughout the whole western country.

The Camanches. The following letter has been addressed to the government, by a person long resident among these Indians, and competent to form accurate opinions:

"For the last five years I have had intercourse with the Camanche Indians and their allies. They inhabit the country from 34 deg North on Red River to the Rio del Norte, extending to the road that leads from St. Louis, Mo. to Santa Fe, South to the head waters of Trinity, Gaudaloupe, Brazos, and Colorado rivers of Texas. A country in length six hundred miles, and breadth from 250 to 400 miles, mostly prairie. The different tribes are Camanches, Kyawas, Towush, or Southern Pawnees, Caddoes, Wacoes, and Skiddies.—They number about 35 thousand in all, and can muster from seven to eight thousand restless warriors. In this great western prairie, free as the Buffalo themselves, they acknowledge no superior. Depredating upon the Mexicans of the interior States, ravaging and burning their towns, murdering their people, sometimes taking prisoners, which they either torture to death or make *slaves* of, carrying off immense herds of mules and horses, naturally prompts these wandering hordes to look upon themselves as the most powerful of nations, which opinion the visit of sick and exhausted troops among them was far from removing. I left their country on the 5th of December last. They had then torn up the Treaty made by our Commissioners, and said they had no treaty with us, and those that had contracted had no right to treat. They were then at war with the people of Texas, and had two American boys (Texians) prisoners. They also exhibited rifles of American make, while they said the owners they had killed.

"It is desirable to make a lasting Treaty with those people; they have from time to time murdered more than fifty of our people on the Santa Fe road and frontier of Arkansas, and as that frontier appears to be the place (and I hope a permanent home) for our peaceful Indians, it is desirable on their account alone that we should have a good understanding with these *Land Pirates* of the great prairies. The way to effect this object in my opinion is to send a mission without an armed force. (for these people are jealous of troops.) Some one who knows them, who has hunted the Buffalo and the Wild Horse with them, who has undergone fatigue and suffering in those wild and fearless hunts and sports.—Such a person always attracts the attention of those wild children of the prairie, and they will be apt to believe what he tells them. Let him hold a council and invite them to our country. [they will come] and the wonders they will behold will convince them that we are powerful and great. They will go home in despair, at comparative littleness, and they will tell their people that they have seen more men in one of pale face's villages, than grass on the prairies, and leaves on the trees, and they will believe."

CURIOUS RELIC OF BENEDICK ARNOLD.

Soon after Arnold, the traitor, joined the British army, the war of the revolution terminated and he sailed for England. He lived there in ignominious obscurity many years, but finally removed to St. Johns, in New-Brunswick. He carried on the traffic to the West Indies there, and became quite an extensive trader. But he was universally despised, and respectable people generally shunned him. He lived in opulence, but even that would not have secured his introduction into any respectable circle, had it not been for the exemplary character and fine accomplishments of Mrs Arnold. While residing at St. Johns, an extensive warehouse of his, filled with unsaleable merchandise, was destroyed by fire. The insurance office suspected foul play and refused to redeem the policy. A law suit followed, and during its progress, the people were in a high state of exasperation, but no evidence was adduced of guilt, although it was believed he was knowing to the incendiary. An original letter written by Mrs. Arnold during the trial, to a lady then resident there, but now in Northampton, is in our possession. In relation to her husband's trial, she says, "the general acts for *himself.* In my opinion: his is all I can say for him." After the trial was over and Arnold acquitted, he was hung in effigy almost in front of his own house, and during this time, copies of the following curious handbill were distributed among the populace. We preserve its typography exactly.

The Last SPEECH and CONFESSION of

JUDAS,

Who was Executed at the Public Market Place, in the City of St. Johns (New Brunswick) on the 27th of August, 1791.

I WAS born in America, about the year 1736 of reputable parents, my father was a Cobbler and intended me for the same profession, but my restless disposition rendered me unfit for any employment during his lifetime.—After his death I became a quack Doctor, but want of skill and stability soon reduced me. And having enjoyed the sweets of imprisonment for a reasonable time, I commenced on the laudable calling of a horse jockey, in the mysteries of which I soon became so great a proficient that with a hogshead of New England rum, and a half a dozen old watches, I could purchase a cargo of Horses at any time; and from a knowledge that jockeying was as necessary and profitable at a sale as at a purchase, I occasionally visited the West Indies, where from the generosity so natural to settlers in some of the Islands, and the ignorance of others, I found them an easy prey; and by forming contracts for barrels of flour, that I had the address to assert as flour barrels, I became possessed of considerable property: but the old adage that ill gotten gains are not lasting, was verified in me, as on the eve of the American struggle, I found myself again reduced to penury. A great field now opened, I assumed the character of a Patriot and thereby imposed on the unsuspecting General Washington: and as some acts of desperation from a want of genuine courage, were necessary to establish a favorable opinion, I exerted myself to the utmost to confirm it, by committing the most unheard of cruelties, such as burning vessels, loaded with wounded men, &c., as well as imprisoning, torturing, and hanging the Loyalists indiscriminately, whereby every jealousy of my want of fidelity was removed, and I was entrusted with commands accordingly. Treason and avarice being the basis of my composition, I embraced the first offer, and sold myself with an engagement to sacrifice the Army under my command, for a sum that promised to insure me happiness. I succeeded but in part, and obtained the promised reward, with the unreasonable deduction of 2d. sterling from each dollar. Accomplished in Villainy, I had the impudence to solicit and the address to obtain a British commission, and consequent commands, when I committed acts that I blush to repeat,--my conduct of late years is too notorious to need a repetition.—A gracious King, and a generous Nation, have rewarded my Treason with competency, but I find and feel, alas! too late, that they detest the Traitor.

☞ Gentlemen, as there seems to be a great number of you collected together to see my awful execution, take my advice, and do not as I have done: In the year 1787, I was in London and saw that the Police Office was open and I thought to make something considerable of them: I bought an old brig, and insured her for three times the value, and when I came to St Johns, I run her on the flats back of the town, where she was totally lost and I recovered the Cash for her. Next thing I struck at, was to build a large and elegant store and imported a general assortment of goods, the greatest part of them unsaleable, such as stills &c. and all the goods I could not dispose of I sent to this store, which was insured for ten thousand pounds sterling. A few days after I contrived to set it on fire at low water, so that the Engines could not be sufficiently supplied—my point being accomplished, I obtained the insurance. Now I beg of all you that have children, not to let them go astray as I have mine.——I sold a gentleman a quantity of rum, and while he was gone on board to ship it, I was busily employed in filling the Hhds. with water. Friends I have done, I cannot forgive my enemies, and the Lord have mercy on my Body for in Souls I have, no belief.

BENEDICK HIS MARK ARNOLD.

Arnold was a cripple from a wound received in his foot at the surrender of Burguoyne. The above shoe represents the one he was accustomed to wear.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINES.

An important subject to farmers, is that of labor-saving implements and machines. There is no great advantage in these which is generally overlooked. By enabling the farmer to despatch his business, his work is more completely under his control, and he is enabled to guard against loss or damage which might be the consequence of more protracted operations. Thus for instance, in using the horse rake, he is not only enabled to accomplish the same work with one quarter of the expense he would otherwise have to employ; but by enabling him to perform it so much more expeditiously, he can take advantage of the weather, and have many acres of hay upon the ground without the danger of having it spoiled by rain: as the speed with which he may collect it in with a horse rake, enables him to anticipate the approach of wet weather.—Thus, independently of the immediate amount of labor it saves, it prevents the troublesome operation of drying wet hay, after it has once become fit for the mow or stack. Again by the use of the planting or drilling machine, one man is enabled to do the work of several; this is one means of saving; but in addition to this, it very often happens that a crop may be planted with it during a favorable season, and while the ground is in the best possible condition; while without it, the work might be protracted till the ground is unfit by heavy rains; and a loss of many bushels to the acre sometimes arises from crops being planted out of season.

A vast amount of labor might be saved by employing a moderate share of thought and contrivance in constructing or procuring, and arranging, some of the simpler and more common kinds of labor saving machinery. Threshing machines have become very common, and many are connected with a portable horse power, which may be separated from the machine and applied to other purposes. This may be easily, and it sometimes is, attached to a circular saw, (the cost of which is comparatively small,) and the expensive and laborous operation of sawing wood by hand is rendered expeditious and easy. It may also, with a little contrivance, be made to work a straw cutting machine, a turnip and potato slicer, a corn sheller and other similar machines, which are commonly worked by hand; and this may be frequently done while it is driving a threshing machine, or performing other work. We have known a fanning mill to be connected with it, and worked by it; the threshing machine being situated on a floor above, so that the wheat fell directly from it into the hopper of the fanning mill, and passed out ready for market. We have also heard of a pair of burr-stones placed in a barn, which could be driven by the power of a threshing machine, and used for grinding food for domestic animals. By a little attention and thinking, numberless conveniences may be devised. Improvements of this kind should not however, be adopted, until calculation has proved that from the amount of labor they will be required to perform, the ultimate saving will more than counterbalance the immediate cost.

DIRECTIONS

For sowing the seed and raising the plants of the White Italian Mulberry Tree.

1. To sow an ounce of seed, prepare a bed 50 feet long and 4 feet broad. Manure it well with a compost composed of 1-3d stable manure, 1-3d ashes, and 1-3d decomposed leaves from the woods, or garden mould: dig deep, pulverise finely, and then lay the bed off in drills 12 inches apart, 1-4 or 1-2 of an inch deep; sow the seed as thick as your onion or parsnips; cover with rich mould, press the mould down gently, but sufficiently to cause the seed to come into contact with the earth: and should the weather be dry water the seed bed every other evening; it will assist in promoting the germination of the seed and vigorous growth of the plant.

2. Keep the beds clean of weeds; and give an occasoinal watering with suds or soot and water, say once a week after they are up.

3. The second year, if not removed before, the plants must be removed into the nursery rows which must be prepared as for any other crop. The ragged roots being taken off and the tap root shortened, the plants must be planted out 12 inches apart in rows three feet apart, the earth to be well trodden around the plant. As before, the earth must be kept open and free from weeds.

4. At two years old, the plants may be planted out into hedges, at 18 inches apart in rows six feet wide. The ground should be prepared as before directed, and some good rich mould put into the holes, to be pressed around the plant. If intended to be planted out as standard trees, 20 feet square apart would be a good distance, but in that case the plants should not be transplanted until they are about an inch in diameter. In either case they will require trimming and tapping, and if kept as hedges, should be treated as other hedges are.

Mr. Whitmarsh informs us that there are but comparatively few large establishments in France or Italy, for the raising of Cocoons or growth of Mulberry trees.—The whole business, in its incipient stages, is conducted by individual farmers. The road sides are lined with these trees.—Groves are found every where and so scarce is the raw silk in France, that the manufacturers were rejoiced to learn its growth was about to be commenced in America. Information of every kind, which we have the promise of from Mr. Whitmarsh, was given him with the greatest cheerfulness by the silk growers and manufacturers. The business is systematized a great deal. Some raise the leaves and sell them to others who feed the worms. Purchasing the Cocoons is another branch of the business and reeling the Silk is still a fourth department. Very little silk is manufactured in France, except at Lyons and two or three other large towns. There the beautiful silk stuffs we import are made by looms scattered among individuals all over the city. Mr. Whitmarsh purchased in France, nearly 80,000 Chinese Mulberry trees, most of which have arrived in town and will be used for the great Silk Company here. He bought all the seed he could find there also. A letter from Hon. Geo. Grennel, member of Congress, to Dr. Stebbins says, in answer to an inquiry made, that the Silks imported into this country during the year 1835, amounted to *sixteen millions, four hundred and ninety seven thousand dollars!* What an *item!*—*Northampton Courier.*

The *Silk Mania*—if the present extended and increasing interest on the subject of Mulberry trees and raising Cocoons can be called by such a name—is spreading far and wide over the whole of this country. Letters are continually received in town from the remotest sections of the Union, asking for information about the business and desiring to purchase cuttings and seed. No new department of business, perhaps, has ever been started in this country under more flattering auspices, than the Silk business. It is founded on such rational premises and can be reduced to such simple demonstration, that incredulity hardly finds a "loop to hang a hope upon." It is within the reach of all. It will yield its fruits to every one who engages in it. Of course, it is not presumed that every individual will immediately have plantations. The beauty of it is, that its adaptation to means will enable every man to begin with a few trees and gradually enlarge his number, or at once embark extensively in their growth and begin the second year to feed worms and furnish cocoons. What farmer or mechanic is there who has even a small homestead, but what can find waste spots and unoccupied places, about his premises, upon which to raise *some* trees?

SILK IN VERMONT.—Mr. Asa Fletcher, of Orwell, says in the Silk Culturist, that he finds no more difficulty in raising the white mulberry, than in raising apple trees. He fed a few worms last year with perfect success, and with no knowledge respecting their management, except what he had gained from the Silk Culturist. A gentleman in Shoreham fed about 100,000 worms last year. It is easy for farmers to try the experiment. An ounce of seed, or a few young trees of the white mulberry, will cost but little; and the procuring of them, certainly *may* lead to valuable results.

Rev. Dr. Wood of Bascawen, N. H.,—a town certainly not more favorable to the business than Windsor--has made from a single tree, for twenty five years in succession, a large supply of silk for use in his family, besides several dollars worth annually for sale. His worms have not deteriorated; and he is satisfied from this long and ample experiment, that the business may be made useful and profitable in this climate.—*Vermont Farmer.*

The following anecdote of DANIEL WEBSTER is related in the New York Sun. In an important case in court, a false witness appeared against his client. But the difficulty was to prove him false. Webster thought best to get rid of him altogether. Wherefore while the fellow was waiting to be called upon the stand, the counsellor fixed upon him those large dark eyes of his, which from beneath their awful brows, are so well calculated to shoot terror into the soul of guilt. The false witness at first began to be uneasy. He cast down his eyes to avoid the sight of Webster.—But he felt or seemed to feel that the terrible eyes of the latter were still upon him. He turned his head aside; but it would not do. Presently he began to edge off a step or two; then a step or two more; until he finally disappeared *in toto*, and for want of his evidence the cause went against the party that suborned him.

Adequate Punishment.—A gentleman, who, a few years ago, resided some time at Grand Cairo, has described the punishment of bakers and butchers in that city. That which was inflicted on bakers whose bread was deficient in weight, was extremely severe. For the first offence, the overseer of the baker (who is the examiner and the only person who tries them) immediately orders the delinquent to be bastinadoed.—For the second offence, he is more severely punished in the same manner; and for the third, without any other process than the above mentioned officer's order, he is put into his own oven when hot, where he is suffered to perish; which punishment, the gentleman adds, he saw executed.

The punishment for butchers who are detected in selling meat either too long kept, or deficient in weight, is no less extraordinary, though not so cruel. A butcher in the neighborhood where the relater of these facts resided, was detected by the examining officer of being guilty of selling bad meat, and (as in the baker's case, without any other form of trial than the order of the officer,) he was immediately nailed by one of his ears to the post of his own door; his nose pierced: and one end of a wire about 6 inches long fastened to it, at the other end of which a piece of his bad meat was fixed. In this situation he was kept for nearly 4 hours.

Early Rising.—It cannot be denied that early rising is conducive both to the health of the body & the improvement of the mind. It was an observation of Swift, that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. Though the observation of an individual is not received as a universal maxim, it is certain that some of the most eminent characters which ever existed, accustomed themselves to early rising. It seems also, that people in general rose earlier in former times than now. In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were open at four in the morning; at present a shop keeper is scarcely awake at seven. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bed-chamber at the same hour in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped between five and six in the afternoon.